

IDEAS.

Now for steady work on the farm.
"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."
If you are troubled with briars, cut them some time the first half of May. This is the time of year to do good road repairing.
The largest room in the world is the room for improvement.—Chicago News.
Break one thread in the border of virtue and you don't know how much will unravel.—Geikie.

Take Notice.

WEEKLY PRAYER MEETINGS.—
Berea Church, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
Baptist Church, Thursday 7:30 p. m.
Second Church, Monday 7:30 p. m.
W. C. T. U., Tuesday 2:30 p. m. at Mrs. M. B. Ramsey.
SUNDAY SERVICES.—
Berea Church, Prof. H. M. Jones, 11 a. m.
Second Church, Rev. H. J. Derthick, 11 a. m.
Baptist Church, Rev. H. F. Aulick, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. all churches.
Y. M. C. A. extension workers at Narrow Gap 6 p. m., Rev. Wm. Lodwick will preach.
The members of the Silver Creek Church are requested to be at church meeting next Saturday morning, business of importance.—Rev. R. R. Noel.
Our serial "John Brent", will close in about three weeks, and will be followed by one of the best of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's grand (copyright) stories, "Malcomb Kirk". Do not miss reading this on any account.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The Columbian revolution is at an end.
A big oil strike is reported near Guadalajara, Mex.
Munich (Bavaria) physicians have begun a crusade against women's long skirts.
Dr. Mond, of London, has discovered a process of making illuminating gas at four cents per 1000 cubic feet.
The Germans under Ketteler, have driven the Chinese under Gen. Liu, beyond the great wall. The Germans lost four killed.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The President has decided to urge Lieut. General Miles' plan for the enlistment of one soldier for every one thousand population of the country. This will give us an army of about 76,000 men.
W. J. Bryan is a possible candidate for Governor of Nebraska next year.
The Standard Oil Co. has secured the sea outlet to the oil fields of Texas.
A company with \$6,000,000 capital, named the Arkansas Valley Sugar Beet and Irrigation Company has been formed.
The Presidential special left Washington Monday to remain on the rock until June 15, and to travel in all 10,581 miles. There are 40 members in the party.
The storms of the past week have done much damage. Floods are causing much distress in W. Virginia. In Kentucky and Ohio high waters are general and in Cincinnati much uneasiness is felt by dwellers near the river.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The Adams Express Co. wants an order to restrain the state from collecting taxes.
Permission to build a bridge across the Ohio river at Ashland has been granted.
The Marion county grand jury returned 85 indictments for poker-playing in Lebanon.
The fight against the sale of cocaine and morphine in Lexington is being pressed.
Estill county is to be re-districted, and A. J. Tharp, A. Durbin, and W. R. Smith have been appointed for the work.
George Newsome, a member of the Reynolds-Potter band of Boone's Fork, walked to Whitesburg Saturday and surrendered to Sheriff Sergeant.
Miss Alice Caden, of Lexington, has been awarded a certificate as a pharmacist by the State Board of Pharmacy.
Gov. Beckham has asked for the resignation of Supt. McCormick of the Hopkinsville Asylum. Dr. McCormick refuses to resign until after a full investigation.
The Kentucky House of Reform at Lexington is so crowded that Supt. Doak has notified the County Judges to send no more prisoners without previously notifying him.
Middlesboro is to be a health resort, and the stock of the Middlesboro Town and Land Company has risen on the London market from 2 to seven shillings in five days.

Personals and Locals.

Berea vs. Georgetown Saturday.
Will Burch is out after a severe illness.
C. M. Rawlins was in Lancaster Monday.
Miss Grace Lester has returned from Indiana.
Miss Olivia Hudson left for Point Leavelle, Thursday.
E. M. Preston was in Frankfort Friday on business.
Dressmaking—Miss Sarah Lawson, Hoskins House.
Miss Ellen Ingle, of Richmond, is visiting Mrs. C. I. Ogg.
F. B. Early of Medaryville, Ind. is with his uncle, J. M. Early.
Mrs. Ann Richardson of Wildie, is visiting the Misses Richardson.
Mrs. Lizzie Burke is visiting Mrs. Richard Kimbrell at Blue Lick.
Miss Sallie Jones, of Brassfield, is visiting friends on Center Street.
See our boys play the Georgetown College team Saturday afternoon.
Waller Azbill of Winchester, was in town Tuesday on insurance business.
Our telephone system is to be overhauled and new instruments installed.
Mrs. J. J. Brannaman attended the W. C. T. U. Convention at Livingston, this week.
Taylor and Steve Gabbard left for home Thursday on account of their father's illness.
Ann C. Mott and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin of Toledo, O., are guest of Pres. and Mrs. Frost.
Prof. J. W. Carnahan of London, was the guest of Pres. and Mrs. Frost Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. Minerva Nicely and daughter, of Hansford, are visiting Dr. Cornelius, Mrs. Nicely's brother.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Truett have moved into the house with Mrs. Sallie Cornelison, on Center Street.
Joe Hayes of Jackson Co., has purchased the interest of Berry Reynolds in the Harrison livery business.
A large number of young people visited the caves Saturday and another party supped on Pilot Knob.
Mrs. D. N. Welch met with a painful accident yesterday, by forcing a needle through her finger while sewing.
Dee White, Andie Bogie and Clarence Million left for Cincinnati, Saturday. They go from there to Logansport, Ind.
Mrs. W. C. Fish of Paint Lick, and Mrs. Flemming Garrett of Winchester, were the guests of Mrs. E. T. Fish this week.
Hurray for our boys Saturday when they meet the team from Georgetown and they will do you honor. Admission, 15 cents.
Miss Mary Scott, daughter of Mrs. Ben Gay of Lowell, died Monday of consumption, aged 20 years. Burial at Berea cemetery.
The Boy Orator of the Sierras, at Ladies' Hall last Friday night, was a screaming success. He spoke, sang and played by electricity.
Mrs. S. E. Welch, Jr. and Mrs. J. J. Brannaman attended the wedding of John Dickerman the representative of J. Bacon & Sons, Louisville.
Rev. H. J. Derthick has moved to the house occupied by R. E. Short on Prospect Ave. Mrs. Putnam will occupy the house vacated by him.
Prof. and Mrs. Dinsmore, Prof. and Mrs. Marsh, and Miss Robinson, visited Gen. Cassius M. Clay, Saturday, and were cordially welcomed by the sage of Whitehall.
Mrs. Mary P. Gould has been compelled on account of serious trouble with her eyes, to give up her work as librarian and has gone to Chicago to have her eyes treated.
The public school building is being much damaged by miscreants, who break windows, mar desks, and otherwise destroy the property. The trustees should bring these persons to justice.
Miss Lucy Van Horn has accepted the invitation of Mrs. G. W. Leonard, her recent guest, to accompany her to Europe and sails with the party May 9 for Germany.
The Baptist church has called Rev. H. F. Aulick, late of Georgetown College, to be their pastor. Rev. Aulick has accepted the call and enters upon his duties at once. We extend a cordial welcome.
One day last week Cal Harris and C. C. Wyatt took a horse and buggy from the livery stable and drove to Richmond where they boarded the train and have not been heard from since. The horse and buggy was returned.
Dr. Wm. H. Davis of Newton, Mass., is visiting Berea and taking horseback excursion to the mountains. Dr. Davis preached a very forceful sermon Sunday morning at the Chapel, he delivered the Tuesday night lecture also.

Madison County.

The snow which fell two weeks ago has been a great help to the wheat crop in this county.
Mrs. Artilda Douglas, widow of the late Alfred Douglas of Richmond, died at her home April 25, aged 63.
Mr. Arch Dozier, son of the late Wm. Dozier, of Red Hill, died in Richmond, of consumption, Friday, age 23 years.
If Central University goes to Danville, the university grounds will be kept for the High School to be located in Richmond.
The new President elect of Madison Female Institute, Richmond, Rev. J. W. McGarvey, will assume his duties sometime this month.
There is a good prospect for a canning factory being located at Richmond. We are glad to learn this because it will be a direct benefit to the whole county.
The Synod of the Southern and Northern Presbyterian Churches of Kentucky, in extra session April 23 at Louisville, approved the plans for the consolidation of Central University and Center College of Danville.
Constable Neale Anderson, of Fox-town, succeeded last week in serving a summons, on a writ of attachment, on Gen. C. M. Clay. This attachment sued out by his daughter, Mrs. Mary B. Clay, and was the result of a refusal on the part of the General to allow the removal of his daughter's goods from the house.—Pantagraph.

Guaranteed \$900 Salary Yearly.

Men and women of good address to represent us, some to travel, appointing agents, others for local work looking after our interests. \$900 salary guaranteed yearly; extra commissions and expenses, rapid advancement, old established house. Grand chance for earnest man or woman to secure pleasant, permanent position and liberal income. New brilliant lines. Write at once.

STAFFORD PRESS,
23 Church St., New Haven, Conn.
9-26.

The Greatest Machine Magazine on Earth!

The American Thresherman.
The only magazine which helps to pass laws for the benefit of threshermen and which helps to perfect organizations for their mutual benefit. It fights the thresherman's battles and helps him in every way. Sent one year for fifty cents, six months for thirty cents. We have several premiums for threshermen which are very valuable and useful. Send for sample copy and special terms to agents.
Only threshermen, or those interested in threshing and the use of steam, desired as subscribers. Address.....
The American Thresherman,
"The Warmest Baby in the Bundle."
.....Madison, Wis., U. S. A.....
6-13 Slichter Block.

READ THIS SURE.

From now till Saturday May 11th, you can buy at our Store in Richmond, Ky., our Elmore Roasted Rio Coffee at 10 cents a pound. Don't compare this High Grade Coffee so well known to our customers, with any package coffee on the market. Those who have been paying 20 cents a pound for coffee not a bit better than "Elmore", will appreciate this Wonderful Bargain.

NEXT SENSATION.
18lb Best granulated sugar \$1 00
9 " " " 50
4 " " " 25
Choice syrup per gallon 18
Good laundry soap 3 bars for 15
Arm and Hammer soda (large) 04
Laundry starch 2lb for 05
Best patent flour, 24lb sack 60
" " " barrel 4 80
No 2 " " 24lb sack 55
" " " barrel 4 40
"Standard" kerosene per gallon 09
2lb Can finest corn 05
3 large cans Pefection tomatoes 25
Large can Lima beans 07
Baking soda 2lb for 05
Decorated cream pitcher 05
" cake plate 05
" coffee or teapot stand 03
Sour cucumber pickles per doz. 05
Handsome rug worth \$2 98
Challenge clothes wringer 1 25
Why pay \$2.50.

Tinware cheaper than ever.
Langdon Creasy Co.,
East Main St., Richmond Ky.
L. D. LANDERS, Manager.

KELLOGG & WITENBURY,
Wholesale Grocers,
Irvine St., Richmond, Ky.

A full line of Staple Groceries carried at all times. Mail and Phone Orders receive prompt shipment.

HOMESPUN FAIR.

The annual Homespun Fair will be held Wednesday, June 5th, 1901, Room 4, Lincoln Hall.
In order to encourage Fireside Industries and aid her skillful friends in finding a market for their wares, Berea College will again hold the Homespun Fair, which has been so successful in the past.
Read our list of premiums, then start that loom! Even if you do not take a premium, you may have a chance to sell something.
Entries must be made before 10 a. m., Commencement Day. All goods entered for a premium must have been made since last Commencement Day, June 6, 1900.
But any home-made goods which the owner desires to sell may be displayed at the Fair, free of cost, and the managers will do their best to arrange a sale.
Notice, also, the amount of goods called for in our premium lists. These are the lengths for which there is most demand.

PREMIUMS OFFERED.

	1st.	2nd.
Homespun Coverlets,	\$2 00	\$1 00
Dimity Counterpane,	2 00	1 00
All wool Jeans, 10 yds.,	2 00	1 00
Cotton and Wool Jeans,		
10 yds.,	1 00	50
Linsay (Linen and Wool)		
10 yds.,	2 00	1 00
Linsay (Cotton and Wool)		
10 yds.,	1 00	50
All wool Dress Flannel,		
10 yds.,	2 00	1 00
Homespun All-wool		
Blanket, 5 1/2 yds.,	2 00	1 00
twilled,		
Homespun Blanket,		
5 1/2 yds., twilled,		
cotton and wool,	1 00	50
Double-weave Linen,		
10 yds.,	2 00	1 00
Figured Linen, 10 yds.,	1 50	75
Plain Linen, 10 yds.,	1 00	50
Rag Carpet, a web,	2 00	1 00
Buckeye Hats	1 00	50
Buckeye Baskets	50	25
Ax-handles,	50	25
Wooden Fork and		
Spoon,	50	25
Hand-made Chair,	1 50	75
Hand-made Saddles,	2 00	1 00
Knit Socks,		
Homespun yarn,		
indigo blue or		
blue and white,	50	25
Knit Mittens,		
Homespun yarn		
indigo blue		
and white,	50	25

Competent judges will be secured and the management reserves the right to give only second class premiums for second class articles, when no first class ones have been entered.

For full particulars address

Mrs. JENNIE LESTER HILL,
Berea, Ky.

SAMPLE AND BOOKLET FREE

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR



CREAM OF WHEAT
A BREAKFAST DAINTY

CREAM OF WHEAT CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

For sale by Bicknell & Early, also a full line of Breakfast Foods, Cakes, and Cookies.

SPRING SUITS

We are pleased to announce that our new stock is now complete in every department. Make us a visit, and we'll show you a line of SPRING SUITS second to none in the land. All our clothing is manufactured for us by the best wholesale tailors in the country, and each garment is made to conform to the highest standard of excellence in every detail. Not a point is overlooked. Fabric, Style, Fit, and Workmanship all must run the gauntlet of scrutiny in every instance. And the price is never higher than others ask for inferior goods.
In our great assortment of styles and range of prices, you'll find something to your notion.

Don't forget our splendid lines of
Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Etc.

COVINGTON & BANKS
Richmond, Ky.

MEAT MARKET

I have Good, Fresh Beef or Pork constantly on hand at popular prices.

Blacksmithing done at the same stand at lowest rates for good work.
P. M. REYNOLDS, - Depot St.
Ju 6 01

E. B. McCOY, Dentist,
Berea, Kentucky.

Attention
Kentucky Teachers!

The Fountain Pen is a necessity for every teacher who wishes to save time. The best pen made is the

Parker Jointless Fountain Pen
It positively has NO EQUAL

You can order it by mail from

College Book Store,

Every pen WARRANTED and can either be exchanged, or money refunded, if not satisfactory. Write for prices. Mail Orders for Books and Stationery promptly filled. Address

Perry F. Shrock, - Berea, Ky.
June 29, 1901

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$936 salary per year, payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 324 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

Photographs
12 on fancy mounts, copied from your photo, 30c. On buttons, 10c. each, 3 for 25c. Send 2 stamps for sample, Wm. Lorimer, Photographer, Danville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED.

Hand Forged, Razor Steel Blades,

File Tested, and WARRANTED.
Send us 24-cent stamps and we will mail you a knife the exact size of this picture; it has 2 blades, and retails generally at 75 cts., but to get you to try them we will send you one for 48 cts. or 24-cent stamps. Your wife wants a pair of



Catalogue we will mail you free if you ask for it. Address, MAHER & GROSS CO., 69 Adams St., Toledo, Ohio, and mention the Citizen.

CLEANING UP SALE

of Winter Goods

OUR CLEANING UP SALE will continue until March 16th. During this Sale all Ladies' and Children's Heavy Shoes, and all Men's and Boys' Heavy Shoes, Boots, Brotees, High Cut Shoes, Felt Boots, and Rain Coats, all Winter Underwear for Men and Boys, all Winter Caps, Work Shirts, and Glove, every thing in Winter Goods will be sold at

Special Cut Prices.

We wish to close out all Winter Goods before receiving Spring Goods. Should you want anything to bridge over the storms of March with, it will be our pleasure to show you our goods and give you prices.

We will Save You Money

Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting your future demands

WE ARE RESPECTFULLY,

207
WEST
MAIN

Douglas Bros.

207
WEST
MAIN

STREET Richmond Ky. STREET

Base Ball---Georgetown vs. Berea---Next Saturday 2:30 p.m.

EXPOSITION OPEN. THE MORGAN DEAL.

There Were No Ceremonies When the Gates Were Opened to the Public.

A LARGE CROWD OF PEOPLE PRESENT.

There Were Informal Exercises at the Opening of the United States Government Building at Noon.

At 2 O'clock There Was a Salute of 45 Guns Fired, and at 3 O'clock a Flight of 5,000 Homing Pigeons.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 1.—The advance guard of the Pan-American exposition crowd is already noticeable in the increased bustle and activity on the streets and in the heavy street car traffic. There was no ceremony when the exposition gates opened Wednesday at 8 o'clock but at noon the United States government building was opened with informal exercises. Gen. J. N. Brigham, chairman of the government board, made a brief address and officials of the exposition, including Director General Buchanan, were present. Most of the exhibits in the United States building are now in place. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon there was a salute of 45 guns.

Concert on the Esplanade.
Following this brief ceremony there was one shot for each state in the union and a band concert on the esplanade. At 3 o'clock a flight of 5,000 homing pigeons, which have been brought from cities east of the Mississippi and north of Georgia was liberated. They will carry messages to the governors of various states announcing the opening of the exposition. At dusk the magnificent electrical features of the exposition will be displayed. This part of the work has been in readiness for several days and the tests made each night have demonstrated that it will be a predominant feature of the exterior splendor of the exposition.

William Hamlin, the well known horseman, secured admission ticket No. 1. He paid \$5,000 for it.

FIRE AT SAN JUAN.

The New \$150,000 Pier Totally Destroyed and a Large Stock of Sugar and Rum Lost.

San Juan, P. I., May 1.—The new \$150,000 pier here caught fire Tuesday afternoon and was totally destroyed in half an hour. A large stock of sugar and rum was lost in the fire. The value and quality of the goods destroyed is not known. The fire continues to rage and threatens to spread to the stores of the custom house. Lives may have been lost, but this is not yet ascertained. The fire started 15 minutes after the steamship Ponce sailed for New York.

THE MONITOR FLORIDA.

Armor Plate to Be Used on the New Vessel Stood a Successful Test at Indian Head.

Washington, May 1.—An 11-inch harveized armor plate representing 180 tons of the armor for the monitor Florida was tested with good result at the Indian Head proving grounds Tuesday. Three shots were fired at a velocity of 1,800 to 1,900 feet a second without materially injuring the plate. This group of armor plates that to be furnished to the monitors.

Gaudaur Accepts the Challenge.
Winnipeg, Man., May 1.—Jas. Gaudaur has cabled George Towns, the English champion, accepting his challenge for a three-mile sculling race, £250 a side and the championship of the world, at Rat Portage, in August.

More Surrenders.

Manila, May 1.—Baldomero Aguinaldo and Pedro Aguinado, relatives of Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, and five other insurgent leaders have surrendered.

Nihilistic Plots.

The Ramification of the Conspiracy Exists Among All Classes of Polish Societies.

Paris, May 1.—A dispatch to Le Soir says that nihilistic plots were discovered in Warsaw, and that ramifications of the conspiracy exist among all classes of Polish societies and especially among the workmen. Among the 600 arrests made since Monday night there are several highly placed persons.

Martial law has been declared in the three towns occupied by the Cossacks.

Oil Struck in Louisiana.

Beaumont, Tex., May 1.—Information was received here Tuesday afternoon that an oil gusher was struck Tuesday at Sulphur, La., 45 miles east of Beaumont, on the Southern Pacific railroad. The oil is heavy and black in appearance, and when it broke loose it went to the top of the derrick, 60 feet high.

To Enlarge the Plant.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 1.—As a result of the machinery manufacturers' combine, the Edward P. Allen Co. of this city, one of its members, will enlarge its plant within the next year and a half, expending in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000.

Purchase of the Leyland Line of Steamers Provokes Discussion in English Papers.

IS CALLED THE "BONAPARTE OF TRADE."

A Possibility of the United States Dominating the Atlantic Carrying Trade in the Future.

The Daily Telegraph Asks Whether the Whole British Empire Is to Be Bought Out By the American Millionaires.

London, May 1.—The Leyland line deal provokes unusual discussion in the English papers, which reveals the existence of not a little apprehension as to the possibility of the United States dominating the Atlantic carrying trade. The general impression, however, is that the transfer is connected with the probable passage by the United States senate of a subsidy bill.

It is considered that the terms of the transfer are so profitable to the Leyland people that there could be no question of the acceptance, and that other shipping companies would gladly sell on the same terms.

The effects of the transfer are discussed in all their bearings. Sir Christopher Furness, who contributes to the Daily Mail a long article dealing with the steel and other trusts in the United States, insists upon the necessity of the country waking up to meet the new competition.

A Serious Situation.
The Daily Telegraph asks editorially whether the whole British Empire is to be bought out or bought off by American millionaires. It calls Mr. J. P. Morgan "The Bonaparte of Trade," and thinks the British public will be very foolish if it is lulled by statements that there is no intention to withdraw the vessels of the Leyland line from the Union Jack.

"This is a serious situation," says the Daily Telegraph, "which calls for concerted action on this side, especially looking to the enormous growth of the American export trade and the increase of the American and German shipping tonnage."

The Daily Chronicle is less alarmed, but says: "It is impossible to look with entire equanimity on the rapid development of American enterprise or to feel sure that it will not eventually inflict untold injury on the financial world."

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

Board Met and Discussed the Questions of Architecture of the New Ships Authorized.

Washington, May 1.—The naval board of construction Tuesday continued its discussion of the new ships authorized by congress and of general questions of naval architecture. Some of the members felt that the public was learning too much about a decision resolution was adopted directing each individual member to hold no communication with the press upon the subject now under discussion. The new chief constructor was presented with sketch plans of a number of the excellent ships designed by his predecessor. The matter of batteries is still receiving the chief attention.

Addressed Howard Students.
Cambridge, Mass., May 1.—Vice President Roosevelt addressed the Harvard students in Sanders theater Tuesday morning, speaking principally of his experience as governor of New York and of the application of his methods to young men entering political life.

THROUGH DIXIE LAND.

The Presidential Party Arrived at Memphis, the First Resting Place of the Tour.

Memphis, Tenn., May 1.—The presidential party passed through the heart of Dixie Tuesday, and at 4:30 Tuesday afternoon reached the city of Memphis, on the banks of the Mississippi. This was the first resting place of the tour. After descending the mountains Monday night the train Tuesday skimmed along through northern Alabama and the valley of the Tennessee river and touched at Corinth, Miss., where Gen. Grant worsted Forrest in his campaign to cut the confederate infantry in two.

The fresh green southland with its fruit in full blossom and its infinite variety of wild flowers in the valleys and the forests was a great change from the backward spring which the party had left behind at Washington. The heat was rather oppressive, but the weather was not so warm as the president's welcome. The hearty greeting extended to him along the route testified how completely he had captured the hearts of the people of Dixie. Confederate veterans at all the stops were among the president's most enthusiastic admirers, and he was impressed with their marks of love and esteem.

At Memphis the party received a wonderfully impressive welcome.

At 1:30 Wednesday morning the presidential train resumed its journey for New Orleans, which will be reached at 4:30 Wednesday afternoon.

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

Women can now vote in New Zealand.

A portrait of Mrs. Lon V. Stephens has been hung in the executive mansion at Jefferson City, Mo. Portraits of former governors are there in plenty, but there were none of their wives or female relatives, so that of Mrs. Stephens is the first to be hung there.

A novel bolero is made of mink, with collar and revers of old lace. It is short enough to show a wide draped belt of black lace over white chiffon fastened with long scarf ends of lace and plaited chiffon fringed with fur tails.

The daughter of Mr. Souvorin, the well-known editor and publisher of the Novoe Vremya, St. Petersburg, has been married to Mr. Miasoiedoff-Ivanoff, the son of the minister of ways and communications. The bridegroom is to enjoy the daily profits of one of the advertising pages of the Novoe Vremya, and this curious wedding gift is causing considerable amusement in St. Petersburg.

The oldest and most remarkable woman in the state of West Virginia lives at Mason City. She is Mrs. Peggy Crow, a German woman, and is a little over 100 years old. She has the appearance of a woman of 60, personally attends to all her own household duties, and, besides, earns a comfortable living with her needle. She is absolutely independent and depends upon her own hands entirely for her home and living.

Princess Wisniewska, founder of the women's international peace alliance, is one of the foremost women of France in the peace movement. Mme. Severine, the journalist; Mme. Pogon, Mme. Flammarion and Mme. Cheliga are other prominent French women well known in this work. The alliance has secured, through the signatures of the proper officials, the endorsement of women's organizations aggregating 5,000,000 women who are interested in the peace of the world.

OF RELIGIOUS INTEREST.

The parishioners of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal church, St. Louis, have raised \$33,000 to free the church from debt.

The Old Stone Presbyterian church at Timber Ridge, Rockbridge county, Va., was built in 1756. It has lately been reconstructed.

At Tampico, Ill., an aged man united with the Methodist Episcopal church on probation. He built the first house in Tampico; he had donated ground for a church building to every church erected in the place, but he had held aloof from church fellowship. He was highly respected by all, and his act in joining the church greatly moved his old friends.

One of the most interesting personalities in Russia is the famous Father John, the handsome priest whose piety is so great that he is supposed to have the power of performing miracles. He is devoted to his religious work at Cronstadt, where he often greets English travelers; and he distributes large sums of money entrusted to him by the wealthy Russian nobles among the poor of the neighborhood. It was Father John who was called to pray at the bedside of the late czar, and he possesses many tokens of royal favor.

HERE AND THERE.

Owing to the dry, cold atmosphere, not a single infectious disease is known in Greenland.

As many as 11,000,000 bottles of champagne are stored in the vaults of French producers. They represent a cost price of \$10,000,000.

The petrified body of a girl has been found in a house in New York, formerly occupied by an embalmer, who boasted that he could turn bodies into stone, but died without divulging his secret. Since Spain has lost her colonies and is unable to import cane sugar as cheaply as before, a number of beet sugar factories have been erected and there is a great demand for fertilizers.

To Japan will belong the distinction of possessing the largest and most powerful battleship afloat when the Mikasa is completed for sea.

Reindeer are supposed to have come originally from the polar regions. Their bones have been found, however, in the rock deposits of southern France—proving that they were in early times distributed over a large part of the globe. The early French men-at-arms made weapons—slings and bowstrings—from reindeer skins and the people obtained their food and clothing from the same animal.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

The first anti-slavery society was organized in 1775 at Philadelphia.

A new name for voting machines has been invented. They are now called votometers.

Valley Forge is urged upon the attention of congress as a fitting place for another national park.

In 1801 there were only 5,000 Italian-speaking people in the United States; now there are 460,000.

Marking historic places in St. Louis with tablets is a good idea for the world's fair, and also for local educational purposes.

Near the coast of Cuba a fresh-water spring arises from the bottom of the ocean, and for some distance round the water is perfectly fresh. A similar submarine spring is known to exist in the Gulf of Spezia.

Harry Vardon, the great British golf expert, has decided to make his home in the United States. He will visit England this winter to close up his affairs preparatory to leaving the country for good. He says there is more money to be made here at golf than in Great Britain.

VISIT TO THE LAPPS.

Young American Traveler Tells of Her Experience During a Trip in Scandinavia.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, who made a recent trip through Sweden, thus describes some of her experiences in the New York Tribune:

During our stay at Otschon we made a long and interesting excursion to the Lapps, and had the rare opportunity of assisting at one of their services, which are only held two or three times a year. An hour's row and two hours' ride through the forest along a broad and rushing river brought us to their little wooden church, which, with a farm or two, nestled in a small but fertile valley; behind this towered the wild and rocky fjeld, on which this tribe of Lapps had their encampment. We put up our ponies in the stables of the "Lapp king," a rich farmer, so called because of his kindness and hospitality to the Lapps, who, in their turn, treated him as their father and general counsellor.

We amused ourselves till the service began watching the congregation, as they appeared over the fields, looking very bright and picturesque in their church going attire, which was richer and much more adorned than is usually the case; but these people belonged to a very prosperous tribe, possessing many hundred reindeer. The curiously shaped hats of the men are scarlet, as a rule; their waistcoats are thickly braided in vivid colors, and they have skin tight breeches made of reindeer skin. The women's caps are of crimson satin, their hair is loose and plaited in with strings of beads, and they wear long embroidered tunics stretching to their knees. Red seems to be their favorite color; even the babies wear tight-fitting red caps, and very sweet they looked as they lay in their little reindeer skin cradles and were rocked by their mothers, who were waiting to take them to be christened when the service began.

These cradles are made in the shape of French sabots, laced across with strips of leather. These are a necessary precaution, as the babies are often hung up, cradles and all, on the branches of the fir trees when their parents want to be rid of them. At 11 o'clock we all went into the church.



TYPICAL FAMILY OF LAPPS.

an ugly, whitewashed, wooden little building, adorned inside with grotesque plaster figures and a big eye, painted in vivid blue, with a hideous black eyelash. It appeared out of a sea of white paint, and looked down on us with an uncanny and fixed stare from behind the altar.

The service was Lutheran, and read in Swedish by a priest sent all the way from Undersaker. After the christening of the babies we all went into the churchyard, where the burial service was chanted over the graves of those who had died in the last six months. It was all rather impressive, somehow, and the little Lapps looked very much in earnest and joined heartily in all the prayers. After an hour of the service my father and I left, as before returning home we wanted to visit one of their kotas, or camps, the only one lying at the foot of the fjeld. A quarter of an hour's walk brought us to it. In shape rather resembling an Indian wigwam, this kota, unlike the usual ones made of reindeer skin, was built of turf overlaid with branches, with the smoke coming out of a hole in the roof. Crawling through the narrow opening we found ourselves in a circular room about 12 feet in diameter. Fir boughs, bundles and sacks strewn the earthen floor, and our escort, a Lapp woman, told us that no less than 20 men, women and children from the higher encampment had slept in this limited space the night before to be ready for the next day's service. They generally sleep in their clothes without undressing, these strange little people. Of furniture of any sort, bed, table or chair, there was not a trace.

No Study After School Hours.

Notify your child's teacher that no more study will be permitted in your home. See to it that your child is allowed to come home from school with the same satisfactory feeling that the business man feels when he comes home; that his day's work is done. It is over. It is behind him. He is ready to give his thoughts to other things; to clear his mind of the day's work; to calm his brain for a refreshing night's rest, to which he finally goes with thoughts of other things than business. So should it be with the child. His studies should not be the last thing on his mind. He should go to sleep after hours of play and fresh air. Then his sleep will be quiet and refreshing, and his mind, when he awakens, will be clear and fresh for a new day's studies.—Edward Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

There is a certain expression in his face which repels you, and when he speaks you understand the reason; he is a fault-finder.—United Presbyterian.

The Fault-Finder.



THE NEW YEAR.

Shut close the door, bar out the cold. The wind blows wildly, sharp and nipping.

The snow lies white o'er all the world. With spotless robe the earth equipping. With noisy mirth and merry glee The New Year is its advent keeping. Yet, like some vexed and muffled sea, Come undertones of sighs and weeping.

For while some laugh, and shout, and sing Are others sad, downcast, despairing: To them the New no change may bring. Unless more hopeless and more wearing. The earth is full of want and ill. Of souls that dread the coming morn'g. Whose cup of life all trouble fill. Till life itself is one great sorrow.

Lord, in this New Year, full of joy, When all hearts throbb with worldly pleasure.

May we its fleeting days employ In leading such to richer treasure. May this be best of all the years To many weary souls now grieving.

Because Thy love hath dried their tears, And they are of Thy grace receiving. Give us, O Lord, to know Thy way. And so our days to wisely number.

That halting steps on our part may Not drown our souls in slothful slumber. May this year, Lord, be best of Thee. A year of thine own right hand planting. When men, from wrong and sin set free, Shall everywhere Thy praise be chanting.

—William G. Hasselbarth, in Christian Work.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

What to Do with the Past—How to Make the Most of the Future.

The change from one year to another is, in itself, no more than the transition from one day to another. But we hang up a new calendar and write new figures for the year, and are thus made to feel more sensibly the passing of the time. The completion of one of the longer divisions of time, in which we count our lives, is noted because we are thus forcibly reminded that our days are being spent. When many years have passed we realize that our days are as a tale that is told, quickly related and almost as quickly forgotten. Sometimes we are disposed to a certain degree of morbidness in recalling the past at the entrance of a new year, and dwell with pain on the unpleasant experiences; sometimes we so cling to the past that we discredit the future and speak as if it cannot be as good as the past. What should be our attitude? What is our duty? What shall we do with the past?

Very much of it should be forgotten. Unhappily there is much in every life that is of no value and should be put clear out of mind. We should forget all unkind words spoken to us; the little things which were felt to be discourtesies or intentional offenses, the providences that brought pain to us, the disappointments that shaded the days as they passed, and even the sorrows that brought darkness at midday. And the dreams and baseless hopes, the many things on which we wasted precious hours and expended valuable energies without profit, let them go where they belong. Some of them may have some use in the passing, but many now appear to have no value; leave them all behind. There is something better for us.

We should gather wisdom from the past. The days have their lessons; we should not attempt to carry with us the books from which we were taught then, but the lessons should not be forgotten. There was a time when we struggled hard to learn the letters of the alphabet and to combine them into syllables and words, but the textbooks and the teacher alike have been forgotten, and we read without a thought of either. The processes are temporary, but the results are permanent, and in them we find the values of life.

We should use the experiences of the past and the wisdom gained for greater usefulness in the present. Today is builded on the past and it should be higher than yesterday.

We should use the past to give us greater confidence in the promises of God. We live by faith, but faith is based on our knowledge of God. The revelation of Him as given in His Word is confirmed to us by our experience of His Grace. "Experience worketh hope." After Abraham was on the mount of sacrifice, "Jehovah jireh" was written on his life. David said: "By this I know that Thou favorest me." It was not in idle thought he said: "I remember the days of old; I meditate on the works of Thy hands," but in the greater strength gained by such meditations on the doings of God. "I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember Thy wonders of old." There have been many times when we were ready to say with Asaph: "Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious? These are the ungodly who prosper in the world;" but when we look at the providence of God, and see what the unfolding years bring to men, we say with him: "So foolish was I, and ignorant. Thou wilt guide me with Thy counsel and afterwards receive me to glory." Every year brings us new experience of God's grace, and therefore we enter the new year with greater confidence, with the assurance that goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our lives and we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—United Presbyterian.

There is a certain expression in his face which repels you, and when he speaks you understand the reason; he is a fault-finder.—United Presbyterian.

There is always a tree for every Zacheus. Unless He is supreme He is not the Saviour. The run-away tongue raises the dust of scandal. He who is seeking comfort cannot win the conflict. Often he who most fears life is least afraid of death. The law and the Gospel are harmonized in the law of love.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for May 5, 1901.—Jesus and Peter.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT.

(John 21:15-22.)

15. So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My lambs.

16. He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith unto him, Feed My sheep.

17. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me? And he said unto Him, Lord, thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed My sheep.

18. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.

19. This spake He, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when He had spoken this, He saith unto him, Follow Me.

20. Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on His breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth Thee?

21. Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?

22. Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou Me.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Lovest thou Me? John 21:16.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The lesson properly includes all of the twenty-first chapter of John's Gospel. An analysis of the chapter follows:

The Disciples Go a-Fishing.....V. 1-3
Jesus Appears to Them.....V. 4-15
Restoration of Peter.....V. 16-25

The Disciples Go a-Fishing.—Tiberias is another name for the sea of Galilee. By this time the disciples had returned from Jerusalem to meet Jesus (Matt. 28:7, 16) in Galilee. Evidently they had gone about their ordinary occupations. In the little company of this lesson there were Peter, James, John, Thomas, Nathaniel and two others whose names are not given. On Peter's proposal they all entered a boat to spend the night fishing.

Jesus Appears to Them.—Morning came without a fish having been caught. Jesus stood on the shore. In the dim daybreak light none recognized Him. Then He hailed them, and inquired of their success. Then He suggested they cast their nets on the other side of the boat. It is said that men standing on the bank or cliff can tell the presence of a shoal of fish by the color of the water, while fishermen close to the shoal will often not notice them. This makes the suggestion of Jesus a very natural one and explains why the disciples did not recognize Him sooner. They did as He suggested and their net was filled. Then John, looking again, recognized that it was Jesus, and told Peter so. The impetuous Peter immediately swam ashore, the others coming in the boat and taking care of the fish they had gathered into the net. Jesus and the disciples breakfasted together there on the shore.

Restoration of Peter.—It has been noted by one of the writers that Peter had denied his Lord beside a fire of coals. It is now beside a fire of coals that he is fully restored as a fisher of men. Immediately after breakfast Jesus turns to Peter with the question: "Lovest thou Me more than these?" It will be seen that this whole incident is a counterpart to another incident which occurred just before the crucifixion. Peter had boasted: "If all shall be offended in Thee, I will never be offended." Jesus recalls this boast in the words "more than these." Peter did not directly answer the question; he simply said: "Thou knowest that I love Thee." Then Jesus said: "Feed My lambs." Lambs mean the young, and feeding them would be teaching them of spiritual things. Three times was this repeated. As Peter denied Jesus three times, so three times he now was asked to declare his love for Him, and three times admonished to his Christian work. He was not only to lead the young (lambs), but also to guide the older ones (sheep). One writer remarks: "Feed My lambs would be a proof of Peter's love, and the means of increasing his love, and also the assurance from Jesus of restored confidence and favor, since He would intrust these tenderest ones to his care."

After being restored to his place as a faithful disciple of Jesus, the Lord pointed out that Peter's boast would yet be followed out, and that he would follow his Lord even unto death (vs. 18, 19). Then Peter thought of John and asked concerning his work, and if he, too, should die for the cause. Jesus answered that Peter was to do Peter's work, not John's. A significant touch is given this narrative as John indicates concerning the story that got abroad that he (John) should not die that there was an emphasis on the "I" of Jesus: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" So we are all to go on with our own peculiar work, meet our own fate and do all with an eye single to the glory of God.

Ham's Horn Pointers.
Beneficence is better than benevolence. There is always a tree for every Zacheus.

Unless He is supreme He is not the Saviour.

The run-away tongue raises the dust of scandal.

He who is seeking comfort cannot win the conflict.

Often he who most fears life is least afraid of death.

The law and the Gospel are harmonized in the law of love.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"I passed the train with the young woman and her father," said he. "We camped together one night, and being as I was a friend of your'n, she gave me a talk. Pooty tall talkin' 't wuz, and I wuz teched in a new spot, I've felt mean as muck ever sence she opened me on religion, and when I git home I'm goin to swing clear, and emigrate to Oregon. So, barrowin, next time you come out, you'll find me on a claim there, out to the Willamette or the Umpqua, just as much like a gentleman's park in England as one grasshopper is to another, only they hain't got no such mountains to England as I'll show you thar."

"Well, Jake, we'll try to pay you our respects."

We hastened on. Why pause for our adventures? They were but episodes along our new gallop of three. This time it was not restless, anxious gallop. We had no doubt but that in good time we should overtake our friends, in regions where men are not shot along the right arm when they protect insulted dames.

Brent was himself again. We rode hard. Biddulph was as fine a fellow as my grandmother England has nethered. Find an Englishman vital enough to be a Come-outer, and you have found a man worthy to be the peer of an American with Yankee education, Western scope, and California irrepressibility.

Winter chased us close. Often we woke at night, and found our bivouac sheeted with cold snow,—a cool sheet, but luckily outside our warm blankets. It was full December when the plains left us, fell back, and beached us upon the outer edge of civilization, at Independence, Missouri.

The muddy Missouri was running dregs. Steamboats were tired of skipping from sand-bar to sand-bar. Engineer had reported to Captain that "Kangaroo No. 5 would bust, if he didn't stop trying to make her lift herself over the damp country by her braces." No more steamboating on the yellow ditch until there was a rise; until the Platte sent down sand three and water one, or the Yellowstone mud three and water one, or the Missouri proper grit three and water one. We must travel by land to St. Louis and railroads.

We could go with our horses as fast as the stage-coaches. So we sold our pack beasts, and started to continue our gallop of three across Missouri.

Half-way across, we stopped one evening at the mean best tavern in a mean town,—a frowzy county town, with a dusty public square, a boxy church, and a spittley court house.

Fit entertainment for beast the tavern offered. We saw our horses stabled, and had our supper.

"Shall we go into the Spitttoon?" said Biddulph.

"Certainly," said Brent. "The bar-room—I am sorry to hear you speak of it with foreign prejudice—is an institution, and merits study. Agree, upon the which the bar-room is based, is also an institution."

"Well, I came to study American institutions. Let us go in and take a whiff of disgust."

Fit entertainment for brute the bar-room offered. In that club-room we found the brute class drinking, swearing, spitting, squabbling over the price of hemp and the price of "niggers," and talking what it called "politics."

One tall, truculent Pike, the loud-est of all that blatant crew, seemed to Brent and myself an old acquaintance. We had seen him or his double somewhere. But neither of us could fit him with a pedestal in our long gallery of memory. Saints one takes pains to remember, and their scenes; but satyrs (an imaginary being, part man and part brute,) one endeavors to lose.

"Have you had enough of the Spitttoon?" I asked Biddulph. "Shall we go up?" They've put us all three in the same room; but bivouacs in the same big room—Out-Doors—are what we are best used to."

Two and a half beds, one broken-backed chair, a wash-stand decked with an ancient fringed towel and an abandoned tooth-brush, one torn slipper, and a stove-pipe hole, furnished our bedchamber.

We were about to cast lots for the half-bed, when we heard two men enter the next room. The partition was only paper pasted over lath, and cut up as if a Border Ruffian member of Congress had practised at it with a bowie-knife before a street-fight. Every word of our neighbors came to us. They were talking of a slave bargain. I eliminate their oaths, though such filtration does them injustice.

"Eight hundred dollars," said the first speaker, and his voice startled us as if a dead man we knew had spoken. "Eight hundred,—that's the top of my pile fur that boy. Ef he warn't so old and hadn't one eye poked out, I agree he'd be wuth a heap more."

"Waal, trade's a trade. I'll take yer stump. Count out yer dimes, and I'll fill out a blank bill of sale. Murker, the boy's yours."

"Murker!"—we both started at the name. This was the satyr we had observed in the bar-room. Had Fulano's victim crept from under his cairn (stone-pile) in Luggernel Alley, and chased us to take flesh here and harm us again. Such a superstitious thought crossed my mind.

The likeness—look, voice, and name—was presently accounted for. "You're lookin' fur yer brother out from Sacramenter, 'bout now, I reckon," said the trader.

"He wuz comin' cross lots with a man named Larrap a pardener of his'n. Like enough they've stayed over winter in Salt Lake. They oughter rake down a most a mountainous pile thar."

"Mormons is flush and sarcy with their dimes sence the emigration. Now thar's yer bill of sale, all right." "And thar's yer roney, all right." "That are 's wut I call a screechin' good price for an old one-eyed nigger. Fourteen hundred dollars,—an all-fired price."

"Eight hundred, you mean."

"No; fourteen. Yer see, you're not up ter tame on the nigger question. I know 'em like a church-steepel. When I bought that are boy, now comin' three year, I seed he wuz a sprightly nigger, one er yer ambitious sort, what would be mighty apt to git fractious, an' be makin' trucks, unless I got a holt on him. So sez I to him, 'Ham, you're a sprightly nigger, one of the real ambitious sort, now alincher?' He allowed he warnt nothin' else. 'Waal,' sez I, 'Ham, how'd you like to buy yourself, an' be a free nigger, an' hev a house of yer own, an' a woman of yer own, all jess like white folks?' 'Lor,' sez he, 'Massa, I'd like it a heap.' 'Waal,' sez I, 'you jess scrabble round an' raise me seven hundred dollars, an' I'll sell you to yourself, an' cheap at that.' So yer see he began to pay up, an' I got a holt on him. He's a handy nigger, an' a likely nigger, an' a pop'l'r nigger. He ken play on ther fiddle like tame,—pooty nigh a minstrel like tame. He ken cut hair an' fry beef-steak with ayry man. He ken drive team, an' do a little finer work, an' shoe a mule when thar ain't no reg'l'r blacksmith round. He made these yer boots, an' reg'l'r stompers they is. He's one er them chirrupy, smilin' niggers, with white teeth an' genteel manners, what critturs an' foaks nat'rally takes to. Waal, he picked up the bits and quarters right smart. He's ben at it, lammin' ahead real ambitious, for 'bout three year. Last Sunday, after church, he pinte up the last ten of the six hundred. So I allowed 't wuz come time to sell him. He wuz gettin' his head drawn, an' his jess sot on freedom very onhealthy. I didn't like to disappoint him to ther last; so I allowed 't wuz jess as well to let you hev him cheap to go down River. That's how to work them fractious runaway niggers. That are 's my patent. You ken hev it for nothin'." Haw! haw!

"Haw, haw, haw! You are one er ther boys. I'm dum sorry that are trick can't be did twice on the same nigger. I reckon he knows too much for that. Waal, s'pose we walk round to the calaboose, 'fore we go to bed, an' see ef he's chained up all right."

They went out.

Biddulph spoke first.

"Shame!"

"Yes," said Brent; "do you wonder that we have to run away to the lookys and spend our indignation on grizzlys?"

"What are we going to do now?"

"Try to abolish slavery in Ham's case. Come; we'll go buy him a file."

"We seem to have business with the Murker family," said I.

"A hard lot they are. Representative brutes!"

"I am getting a knowledge of all classes on your continent," said Biddulph. "Some I like better than others!"

"Don't be too harsh on us malcontents for the sin of slavery. It is an ancestral taint. We shall burn it out before many decades."

"You had better, or it will set your own house on fire."

It was late as we walked along the streets, channels of fever and ague now frozen up for the winter. We saw a light through a shop door, and hammered stoutly for admission.

A clerk, long-haired and frowzy, opened ungraciously. In the back shop were three others, also long-haired and frowzy, dealing cards and drinking a dark compost from tumblers.

"Port wine," whispered Brent.

"Fine Old London Dock Port is the favorite beverage, when the editor, the lawyer, the apothecary, and the merchant meet to play euchre in Missouri."

We bought our files from the surly clerk, and made for the calaboose. It was a stout log structure, with grated windows. At one of these, by the low moonlight, we saw a negro. It was cold and late. Nobody was near. We hailed the man.

"Ham."

"That's me, Massa."

"You're sold to Murker, to go south to-morrow morning. If you want to get free, catch!"

Brent tossed him up the files.

"Catch again!" said Biddulph, and up went a rattling purse, England's subsidy.

Ham's white teeth and genteel manners appeared at once. He grinned, and whispered thanks.

"Is that all we can do?" asked the Baronet, as we walked off.

"Yes," said Brent, taking a nasal tone. "Ham's a pop'l'r nigger, a handy nigger, one er your real ambitious sort. He ken cut hair, fry a beef-steak, and play on the fiddle like a minstrel. He ken shoe a mule, drive a team, do a little finer work, and make stompers. Yes, Biddulph, trust him to gnaw himself free with that Connecticut rat-tail."

"Ham against Japhet; I hope he'll win."

"Now," said Brent, "that we've put in action Christ's Golden Rule, Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, and All-the-wisdom's Preamble to the

Constitution, we can sleep the sleep of well-doers, if we have two man-stealers—and one the brother of a murderer—only paped off from us."

CHAPTER XXVII.

FULANO'S BLOOD-STAIN.

"What a horse beyond all horses yours is!" said Biddulph to me next morning, as we rode along cheerily through the fresh, frosty air of December. "I think, when your continent gets to its finality in horse-flesh, you will beat our island."

"Think what training such a trip is! This comrade of mine has come two thousand miles with me,—big thought, eh!—and he freshens up with the ozone (fresh air) of this morning, as if he had been in the stable a week."

Fulano felt my commendation. He became electrified. He stirred under me. I gave him rein. He shook himself out, and began to recite his accomplishments.

Whatever gait he had in his legs together, or portion of a leap in either of them; whatever gesticulations he considered graceful, with toes in the air before, or heels in the air behind; whatever serpentine writhe or sinewy bend of the body, whatever curve of the proud neck, fling of the head, signal of the ear, toss of the mane, whisk of the tail, he knew,—all these he repeated, to remind me what a horse he was, and justify my praise.

What a horse, indeed!

How far away from him every lubberly roadster, every hack that endures the holidays of a tailor, every grandpapa's cob, every sloucher in a sulky! Of other race and other heart was this steed, both gentle and proud. He was still able to be the better half of a knight-errant when a charger worth a kingdom must be had,—when Love needed his mighty alliance in the battle with Brutality. He was willing now, in piping times of peace, to dance along his way, a gay comrade to the same knight-errant, riding homeward a quiet gentleman, with armor doffed and unsuspecting further war.

What sport we had together that morning! We were drawing near the end of our journey. Not that that was to part us! No, he was to be my companion still. I had a vision of him in a paddock, with a fine young fellow, not unlike myself, patting his head, while an oldish fellow, not unlike myself, in fact very me with another quarter of a century on my head, told the story of the Gallop of Three and the wild charge down Luggernel Alley to that unwearied lugger, while a lady, very like my deal of a wife, stood by and thrilled again to the tale. Such a vision I had of Fulano's future.

But now that our journey was ending, he and I were willing, on this exhilarating winter's day, to talk it over. What had he gained by the chances by flood and field we had encountered together?

"I have not gone," Fulano notified me, "two thousand miles, since my lonely, riderless days among the erds of Gerriani, since our first meeting on the prairie and my leap through the loop of Jose's lasso,—I have not gone my leagues of continent for nothing."

"See what lessons I have learnt, thanks to you, my schoolmaster! This is my light step for heavy sand; this is my cautious step over pebbles; my high step over boulders; my easy, unawful traveling gait; my sudden stop without unseating my rider; so I swerve without shying; and so I spring into top speed without a strain. Your lady-love could canter me; your baby could walk me; because I please to be your friend, my friend. But you know me; I am the untamable still,—except by love."

And then he rehearsed the galts he had studied from the creatures on the plains.

"Look, upper half of the Centaur," he said, in the Centaur language; "see how an antelope goes!"

He doubled his legs under him and went off in high, jerky leaps, twice his length every one.

"Look! A buffalo!"

He lumbered along, shoulders low, head handled like a battering-ram, and tail stiff out like a steering-oar. "Here's a gray wolf."

And he shambled forward in a loose-jointed canter, looking back furtively, like a thief, sorry he didn't stop to steal the other goose, but expecting Stop thief! every minute.

"And so go I, Don Fulano, the Inimitable, a chieftain of the chieftest race below the man,—so go I when walk, pace, gallop, run, leap, career, tread space and time out of being, to show the other half of the Centaur-ship what my half can do for the love of his."

"Magnificent!" applauded Biddulph at his display.

"His coquetries are as beautiful as a woman's," said Brent. "One whose sweet wiles are nature, not artifice."

And I—but lately trained to believe that a woman may have the myriad charm of coy withdrawal, and yet not be the traitress youth learns from ancient cynics to fear—accept of the comparison.

Ah, peerless Fulano! that was our last love-passage!

(To be continued.)

The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion to sweets and bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meats and fatty substances.

A Birmingham (England) druggist was fined \$100 the other day for selling camphorated oil which contained only 78 per cent. of the quantity in the oil prepared according to the British pharmacopoeia.

THE ONE ABOVE ALL.

Dr. Talmage Sounds Praises of the World's Redeemer.

He Puts Before Us the Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents—The Glories of Heaven.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the world's Redeemer and puts before us the portraits of some of His great disciples and exponents; text, John 3, 31: "He that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the graceful line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of 24 letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last," or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they may all well unite in the words of the text and say: "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen as well as all clergymen have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sunday school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo go on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and Heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such an illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes, Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the conqueror, we are going to draw our smiles from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have 18 flags by which they give signal, but those 18 flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after awhile going to preach

Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for the direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for the ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for the grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for the darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith. Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of Heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wane-st and the worst may wear. "Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how through Christ he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend saying: "Come over and join us, great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we who have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarred and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after under the hard hoofs of calamity all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halcyons, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving our God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But after all there are only two styles of departure, the death of the righteous and of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open Heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrows of death into Heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and far from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ would say through the solitudes: "I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a

adder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me and let us talk of Heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to Heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymnwriter, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depth of the third Heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live here after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty-four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and majesty and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare in his last moment had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed its halting beats until his life had ended here to begin in Heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the wornout missionary, when in the Mamartine dungeon he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforward there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say: "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say: "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say: "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The rebockings and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of Heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is above all in Heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the Celestial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of Heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the ship wreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth and in Cappadocia and at Antioch and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and He made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled." And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart after his decease taken and deposited in the Holy Land, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the holy land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo, the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo, the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all, and after that they shut up the gates,

A Trip to Richmond.

The CITIZEN Man spent a day in Richmond last week and beheld some things pleasant to the eyes and some otherwise than pleasant. We will say nothing of the unpleasant sights only that he was sorry to see bright looking youths in grey uniform going in and coming out of places from which came fumes of sour beer and other things as bad, with the sound of billiard balls and maudlin talk, also the number of idlers (white and black) congregated on the front steps and platforms of many houses of (bad) business on the east side of the public square, reminding him of a frequent sight in South Florida, viz. the Buzzard Roosts.

The pleasant things to remember are too numerous to mention in detail. Very pleasant accommodation was found at the boarding house of Mrs. Henderson, opposite the Glyndon. By bargain prices and good management E. V. Elder has built a splendid business but he needs more room and better windows for display. By the way, there is hardly a business house on Main St. but what is cramped for room and is poorly lighted. One merchant said, "There is but little hope for better accommodations until we have a fire or an earthquake, our landlords won't improve the property." Neff the Pigeon man told me that his son had gone to New York with a car load of eggs and poultry, he is buying 480,000 eggs a day and he would buy more if he would put a good ad in the CITIZEN. Covington & Banks were as busy as bees. Thirteen customers for clothing, shoes, etc., were at the counters when the C. M. went into the store. Their stock is melting under the spring breezes. Douglas Bros. were closed because of a sad bereavement. Their mother, Mrs. Alfred Douglas, Sr., died Thursday morning and was buried Friday at 3 p. m. The deceased was a most estimable Christian woman and the neighbors say nothing but great good of the family who mourn her death. A very nicely served wholesome lunch was enjoyed at "Joos" but he needs two more smart clerks, you have to wait too long. Shackelford & Co., are selling lots of implements now the winter weather has past and Douglas & Simmons are sending out lots of two-horse wireless, checkrow complainers. The manufacturers of this implement have a man on the ground to "show you how." Oldham the Furniture man and Oldham the Dry Goods man both have good stocks and are pushing business. There is a Wholesale Grocery firm, Kellogg & Wittenbury, who are just opening up; they will do well for instead of keeping on their trotting harness, they were toggled out for work and were wrestling boxes and barrels like old hands. Zaring is making fine flour and those who use it say it is excellent. Stout the Tailor says the winter weather ten days ago "played smash" with his spring trade but he hopes to more than make up for it this summer. The Langdon Creasy Co., on East Main St., are selling groceries, tinware, seeds, china, etc., at very low prices, a little money will buy a lot of goods at their store. A visit to Hobson the Dentist found him busy at work, and with lots of work ahead. A lady told me that Hobson's work was most satisfactory and his prices low. Hobson gave the C. M. an ad. The newspaper men, as always, were very kindly and cordial, a more courteous lot of gentlemen than the business men of Richmond it would be hard to find.—C. M.

Correspondence.

Clay County.

Ogle. Born, to Joe Davis and wife a fine girl.
David Woods & Co. have moved their steam mill from the head of Otter creek to near the mouth.
The oldest child of Alex Freeman died last week.
The show was six inches deep here last week.
People are very busy farming.

Owsley County.

Gabbard. Lincoln Bolin and J. S. Reynolds of Eversole, were here, Thursday.
There are no saloons in this county and consequently we are peaceable. Vote for A. C. Hyden so we can keep out the rum trade and prosper.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Cole a fine boy.
J. L. and Albert Gabbard, and R. W. Minter were at Boonville, last week.
Some thieves broke into the store of Alfred Eversole and stole clothing worth \$80.
M. H. Gabbard, of Eversole, is suffering with inflammation of the bladder.

You will do well to send to B. Coddington & Co., Berea Ky., for a circular describing their poultry and animal fumigator. You need this machine if you raise chickens, turkeys or any thing of the kind, that is if you want them to be free of vermin. See their advertisement on this page.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. Mr. Dave Wilson and Miss Nancy Allen were quietly married Thursday night, at the residence of Eld. W. H. Bowen.
Rev. P. H. Wilson, of Georgetown, passed through this city en route to the Sunday school Institute at Carlisle. He preached for us Wednesday night.
Eld. W. H. Bowen and family, and Miss Loucile Jefferson attended the Sunday school Institute, at Carlisle, Saturday.
Rev. John Jones preached an eloquent sermon at the Methodist church, Wednesday night.
On account of high water, the burial of Mrs. Rosa Ann Thompson was postponed from Saturday to Monday.
The funeral of Mrs. Thos. Hughes last Monday was largely attended. Mrs. Hughes was a lovely Christian wife and mother. The burial was at Carlisle cemetery.

Jackson County.

Kirby Knob.—The recent severe weather has not injured the fruit.
The Richardson Bros., of Red Lick, passed through here last Friday, buying horse stock.
Rev. Cassius Van Winkle, of Berea, conducted the services at Oak Grove, Saturday and Sunday.
Robert Daugherty was one of a party of four students, who walked from Berea to Clover Bottom, last Friday to try the fishing at that place.
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Sparks, of Drip Rock, are visiting relatives here. They will soon go to Berea where they will make their future home.
Last Friday a considerable party drove from Berea, to explore the Garrett caves, at the head of Owsley Fork.

The new two-horse surrey, ordered by Bicknell and Early for Mrs. Smith and Miss Baker, of McKee, broke down while Miss Baker was driving to Sunnyside school at Kirby Knob, spilling out the six occupants of the carriage.

Rockcastle County.

Disputanta.—Died, Wednesday 23, little Larkin Abney, son of Wesley and Louise Abney, aged 11 years. The bereaved parents have our deep sympathy.

Thomas Clark, who has been sick for quite awhile is no better.

Alex Holt, of Madison Co., is visiting his son, T. C. Holt.

G. V. Owens, and A. T. Abney, have been visiting relatives on Brush Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Anglin of Climax, are visiting relatives at this place.

F. Northern died of dropsy, Thursday, April 25.

Preston Clark has bought Henry Calvin's saw mill and is doing a good business sawing for the railroad company at Climax.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Irvine Haynes visited his mother-in-law Sunday.

Albert White and Jonas Fife have gone to Cincinnati to remain a while.

Rev. R. H. Monday held his regular church meeting Sunday.

C. F. Burnam is again at Richmond working at the Henderson House.

Will Adams, of Garrard county, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Shearer.

Mrs. Violet Stowe attended church at this place Sunday.

Chas. Burnam, Sr., is reported ill at this writing.

Mason County.

Maysville.—Mr. Horace Banion, and family have moved from Mayslick, to Springfield, Ohio, where they will reside for awhile.

Wattie Johnson, whose serious illness was mentioned recently, died Saturday morning. His funeral was largely attended, from the Plymouth Baptist church, Monday afternoon.

The sacred concert, given at the Bethel church, Sunday evening, was one of the grandest features of the season.

Edward Gordon and Miss Nannie Bell, were united in the bonds of wedlock last week.

Herbert Pearl and Miss Capitola Powers, of this city, were married in Cincinnati, April 28, at the home of the groom's uncle. The contracting parties will make their home in the Queen city.

Mr. Harrison Price has a very lucrative position in a business house at Dayton Ohio.

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY
A. G. NORMAN & CO.,
CINCINNATI, April 30.

CATTLE—Common.....\$2.75 @ \$3.75
Butchers.....4.75 @ 5.15
Shippers.....4.75 @ 5.25
CALVES—Choice.....4.50 @ 5.50
Large Common.....3.00 @ 4.00
HOGS—Common.....4.25 @ 5.60
Fair, good, light.....5.50 @ 5.70
Packing.....5.65 @ 5.75
SHEEP—Good to choice.....3.75 @ 4.25
Common to fair.....2.50 @ 3.50
LAMBS—Good to choice.....5.25 @ 5.75
Common to fair.....4.00 @ 5.00

WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....77 @ 77 1/2
No. 2 mixed.....47
No. 2.....29
OATS—No. 2.....56 @ 58
RYE—No. 2.....3.70 @ 4.00
FLOUR—Winter patent.....3.10 @ 3.50
" fancy.....2.40 @ 2.75
" Family.....16.50 @ 17.50
MILL FEED.....14.25 @ 14.50
HAY—No. 1 Timothy.....12.25 @ 12.75
No. 2.....10.25 @ 10.75
No. 1 Clover.....9.00 @ 9.50
No. 2.....8.02 @ 8.02

LARD—Prime steam.....8.40 @ 8.40
DRY SALT MEATS.....8.30 @ 8.30
Clear sides.....6.75 @ 6.75
Short ribs.....8.75 @ 8.75
Shoulders.....8.90 @ 8.90
Clea bellies 14 to 30lb.....8.80 @ 8.80
BACON—Short clear sides.....9.15 @ 9.30
" ribs.....10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
" Clear bellies.....10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
HAMS—Sugar cured.....11 1/2 @ 11 1/2

POULTRY.....25 @ 30
Springers per lb.....10 @ 12
Fryers.....8 @ 8
Heavy hens.....9 @ 9
Light hens.....5 @ 5
Roosters.....8 @ 8
Turkey hens.....7 @ 7
Toms.....8 @ 8
Ducks.....11 1/2 @ 11 1/2
EGGS—Fresh near by.....6 @ 7
Goose.....10 @ 10 1/2
HIDES—Wet salted.....5 @ 6
No 1 dry salt.....40 @ 60
Bull.....40 @ 60
Lamb skins.....5 1/2 @ 5 1/2
TALLOW—Prime city.....21 @ 22
Country.....26 @ 27
Wool—Unwashed.....25 @ 30
medium combing.....34 @ 40
Washed long.....28 @ 35
Tub washed.....15 @ 15

FEATHERS—Geese, new nearly white.....34 @ 40
" gray to average.....28 @ 35
Duck, colored to white.....15 @ 15
Chicken, white no quills.....12 @ 15
Turkey, body dry.....12 @ 15

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation: \$500 salary per year, payable weekly; \$5 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 34 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

THE HOME.

Edited by MISS GRACE J. STOKES, Instructor in Domestic Science, Berea College.

The Table.

It is certain, as has been said by one writer, that the ability to spread or lay a table properly is one of the distinctive qualifications that make a refined and capable housewife. It is essential that the family board should be arranged prettily if not handsomely, and it is even more important that the furnishings and accessories should be disposed to yield the greatest possible amount of comfort and convenience under prevailing domestic circumstances. While we all bend with more or less submission to prevailing customs, our flexibility depending as much upon our temperaments as our intelligence, personal regarding the use of ceremony and the value of simplicity may be followed in a general way in most of our table formalities. The size of the family purse and the quality of the service at command naturally have a decided effect upon such observances, but neither will be capable of hindering a refined taste from expressing itself in the spreading of the daily board, if the home is under the control of a cultivated and practical mistress.

It is also true that the table should be laid as neatly for the family alone as it is when guests are expected, although there may be less elaboration, and less care bestowed upon purely decorative accessories. Still, there should always be more or less of decoration where it is practicable. We must bear in mind the central thought that the table is the family gathering place; it is there that one should forget his cares and business. For the husband and father it is especially desirable—even indispensable—that he should maintain acquaintance with his wife and children, and as one suggests, "be sensible and genial." A little color and brightness, and whatever contributes to please the eye as well as add to creature comforts, makes the cheer of eating and drinking the greater.

But there are many homes—those of hard-working, hampered people, who have to struggle steadily to "make both ends meet"—where decorations cannot, from the necessity of the case, be considered. Yet the eye may be pleased when it rests upon the table, for the quality of neatness will assert itself, despite unfavorable surroundings and conditions. The mother of several children, who must work hard from the break of day till late at night, and not infrequently have her rest broken through the night by the care of her household, and who often without assistance has to prepare three meals a day for her family, and if the wife of a farmer, perhaps for several hired men besides, cannot be expected to look much to the ornamentation of her table. If she can spread a clean tablecloth, and place upon it shining knives, forks, and spoons, and well washed and polished dishes, she has done all that could be expected; less than this her own best instincts will not tolerate, if she is by nature and education a woman of neatness and good taste. And it may well be added that these are the greatest of all table ornaments, and the first in importance, the lack of which cannot be supplied by anything else, no matter how rich or pretentious.

Given such a setting—simple, moderate or elaborate, as the circumstances of the home warrant—with the right spirit animating those who gather at the board, the table becomes, in deed as in name, the family center—a helpful, restful refreshing spot, about which shall cluster the sweetest recollections, the holiest associations, the true love and light of the lives which have their representation there.—MRS. ARTHUR STANLEY, in Good Housekeeping.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Common Sense Hints in Arithmetic.

Two prime objects in teaching arithmetic are to acquire skill in those computations which are of use in the affairs of life, and to train the faculties of the mind for the broader and deeper problems which come to every one for solution.

The grammar grades, of all grades in school, are the ones that will do work slovenly if permitted. A characteristic of mathematics should be exactness. Accuracy in all and at all times must be insisted upon, and neat work must be required both on paper and at board. When you send a boy to the board he should first see that it is neatly erased. His name and the number of the problem is never to be omitted. Next should follow a careful concise statement of his work. This aids not only teacher and pupil but any one who happens in, as the superintendent. The eraser should be sparingly used, but use it when necessary. Never permit the hand to take its place. Every figure should be the best the boy can make and all lines should be drawn straight with no curves at the end. This gives the board an appearance the boy may be proud of. Another thing he delights in, is his ability to explain his work well and be ready to answer any questions which the other pupils may raise. His strength in giving to others what he knows himself depends upon his training in mental arithmetic, which must have its place in every grade.

The habit of careful reading before the solution is attempted should be acquired. This leads the pupil to reason and not to jump at some remembered process. He sees the relation of ideas before he begins the work. It saves much time and worry.

Rules and definitions should be discovered by the child. Do not tell what may be found out by your careful guidance. Do not get into a rut or your pupils will fall in with you. Use different modes of expression and avoid all superfluous terms, rules, formulas and subdivisions.

The grammar grades are the grades in which we too frequently stay too close to the book. Let one of the essential aims be to make the work practical. Original problems by the pupils lend interest and help to acquire judgment. Never permit an original problem to contain such statements as, \$75.00 per thousand for ordinary lumber. The pupil should be encouraged to visit places of business and see for himself exactly how it is carried on. The carpenter, the lumberman, the grain dealer, the mason, the dealer in fuel are all glad to see children interested enough to investigate for themselves. Such work as this so fits the boy for the business world as to prevent such common remarks from the business world as, "Our public schools are not practical. A boy can't do anything without his book open to a certain rule." Our books too frequently deal with such problems as, How many inches in a mile? This is nonsense and cannot be comprehended. It leads to inaccuracy, is all that can be said for it.

Do not require pupils to do anything they do not see a reason for and do not force them to agree on difficult problems but carefully lead them and then see their eyes sparkle when they realize that they have seen through the whole thing for themselves. Nothing discourages quicker than forced reason. Mere memory work should be avoided in tables and rules, which are so much dreaded by children. Direct them and they will make their own tables and rules and know them before they are aware of it. Everything you can make the pupil feel he has done for himself is a point gained. It is easier to tell the pupil certain facts and principals than to lead him to see them, but lead him to see the facts and principles even if they are harder.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

The Ideals in Vegetable Gardening.

The success of any business depends largely on the clearness with which its promoter conceives of the aims and purposes which he is to attain. Many persons grow crops because their fathers grew them, because they know how to grow them, or because the land and locality are adapted to them. This is well; but it is better if the grower can also picture to himself the destination of the crops which he is to raise. That is, he should grow a crop for a distinct purpose. Good farming, like any other business, is primarily a matter of ideals.

There are two great types of vegetable growing—growing for home use, and growing for market or commercial profit. Leaving aside for the instant the special subject of home gardening, we may observe that market gardening is itself of two categories—that which grows products for the common and general markets, and that which grows them for particular or special markets. In the former, the products compete with other like products in the open market; they take their charges. In the latter, the products are taken to some special customer, and are thereby removed from general competition. In the former business—which is generally known as market gardening proper—by far the greater effort is devoted to the growing of the crops and in securing them at such seasons that they contend with little competition. The chief skill required is that of the vegetable grower; for the business of marketing is relegated. In the latter business, much effort must be given to the hunting out of special customers and markets; here the skill of the marketman is nearly as important as the skill of the vegetable grower.

The growing of vegetables for the home use requires different abilities than that of growing for market. Here quality and a uniform and constant supply are the desiderata; in the market growing, quality and attractiveness, and a bountiful supply at stated times or seasons, are the desiderata. The home-use garden should receive the more minute and skilful care to develop the utmost excellence in the product. The more discriminating the home grower is the skill required of the gardener. There is as much skill required in securing a well-grown melon or a cauliflower as in raising a violet or chrysanthemum.

Vegetable gardening for the purpose of making money is not an easy business. In fact, nothing is easy if it is worth the having. The competition is great. The margin of profit is small. There are risks incident to season, diseases, insects, glut in markets. Many of the products are quickly perishable. Quality generally counts for less in vegetable than in fruits. Most vegetables are culinary subjects, not luxuries; and the prices are therefore not high. Nearly every person who has a bit of ground grows a few vegetables. In most cases earliness is a prime requisite; and to secure the crop very early requires the closest attention to all the details of the plant-growing. One must often find a personal customer and this customer rarely takes pains to wait for the produce of one grower or to search for it in the market, for the supply of vegetables is unusually great; consequently, the small grower may have to peddle his vegetables. In most cases the market-gardener must keep long hours and must work hard. He must not expect great reward the first year or two on a new place. He must learn his soil, market and climate. If he is a good plant-grower and a good business man he will succeed. If he is only a plant-grower, he will probably be a slave to the marketman.—From The Principles of Vegetable Gardening, by L. H. Bailey.

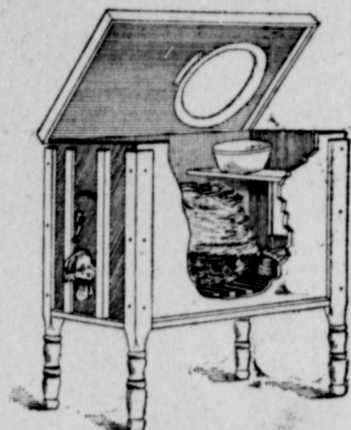
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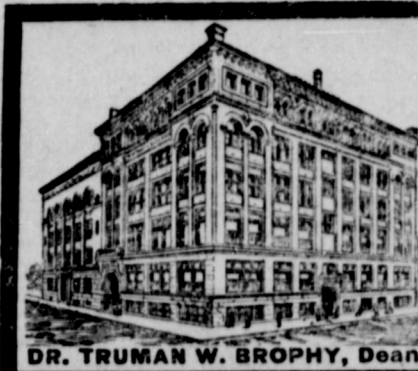
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